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Wishing

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Wishing

Author Note

Words are my drug - I read everything and all the time, so naturally, I love to write. There is no greater thrill than arriving at the end of a perfect sentence and sitting back to read what I've created, only to be surprised when the words start to blink and breathe and exist without dependence on me.

W i s h i n g

F a r e n R a j k u m a r

////////////////////////////////////
I make a wish every night on a Drifting Satellite, just like every young girl since the last Small star burned out. They roll across the sky among the space rocks and ship parts, just slow enough to hear my hopeful whisper.

Like a strange word I once read in a paper book.

“Tumbleweed”

Yes, the granters of my wishes tumble by. And they are weeds. Unwanted. But no matter how many years pass and Restoration projects have come to an end, the satellites continue to grow from the depths of nowhere and tumble by with no purpose but to hear the wishes of young people living in the dark.

One night, I promise I will wish for Light again. But for now, I wish only that the satellites keep drifting over the Earth so that I have reason to look up when the time reader says 9:00 pm and everyone pretends the day is at an end, even though the sky never really changes. It is only dark, darker still when night arrives. Ugly and unforgiving, as though the people walking underneath once did something to offend it and now it refuses to smile. I hate to look at that sky.

I read another strange word in that same paper book. It was a rare bright day, the Great star gave Light we have never seen since and I kept reading until 9:00.

“Shooting-star”

I’ve never known a star to shoot. They only die. But I understand that people once used to make wishes on them, too. And before Light, people used to wish for love.